

A New Sonnet, shewing how the Goddess *Diana*, transformed *Acteon*
into the shape of an Hart.

To a New Tune.



DIANA and her darlings dear,
Went walking on a day,
Throughout the woods and waters clear
For their sports and play:
The leaves aloft were very green,
and pleasant to behold (between,
These Nymphs they walkt the trees
under the shadows cold.
So long at last they found a place,
of springs and waters clear,
A fairer bath there never was
found out this thousand year:
Wherein Diana daintily
her self began to bath,
And all her virgins fair and pure,
themselves did wash and lave.
And as the nymphs in water stood,
Acteon passed by,
As he came running through the wood,
on them he cast his eye:
And eke behold their bodies bare,
then presently that tide,
And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
with voice aloud they cry'd.
And clos'd Diana round about,
to hide her body small,
Yet she was highest in the rout,
and seen above them all:
And when Diana did perceive
where Acteon did stand,
A furious look to him she gave,
and took her bow in hand.
And as she was about to shoot,
Acteon began to run,
To hide he thought it was no boot,
his former sights were done.

And as he thought from her to scape,
she brought it so to pass,
Incontinently she chang'd his shape,
even running as he was,
Each Goddess took Diana's part,
Acteon to transform,
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
there they did all determine:
His skin that was so fine and fair,
was made a tawny red,
His body overgrown with hair,
from feet unto the head.
And on his head great horns were set,
most wondrous to behold,
A huge Hart was never met,
nor seen upon the mold:
His ears, his eyes that was so fair,
transformed were full strange,
His hands, his feet compelled were,
throughout the woods to range.
Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and wared fierce and grim,
His former shape did quite depart
from every joint and limb;
But still his memory did remain,
although he might not speak
Nor yet among his friends complain
his woful mind to break.
At length he thought for to repair
home to his dwelling place,
And his hounds of him were ware,
and gan to cry apace:
Then Acteon was soze agast,
his hounds would him devour,
And from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power.

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The second Part, to the same tune.



He spared neither bush nor brake,
 but ran through thick and thin,
 With all the swiftness he could make
 in hope to save his skin:
 Yet were his hounds so near his tail,
 and followed him so fast,
 His running might not him avail,
 for all his speed and hast.
 For why his hounds will never lin,
 till they him overtook,
 And then they rent and tore his skin
 and all his body shook.
 I am your master Acteon,
 then cryed he to his hounds,
 And made unto them rueful moans
 with sad Lamenting sounds.
 I have been he that gave you food,
 wherein I took delight;
 Therefore suck not your masters blood
 his friendship to requite:
 But those curs of a cursed kind,
 on him had no remorse,
 Although he was their dearest friend,
 they pull'd him down by force.
 There was no man to take his part,
 the story telleth plain,
 Thus Acteon a huge wild Hart,
 among the Does was slain.
 You hunters all that range the wood,
 although you rise up rash,
 Beware you come not nigh the flood
 where Virgins use to bath.
 For if Diana you espy
 amongst her Darlings dear,
 Your former shape she will disguise,
 and make you horns to wear:
 And so I now conclude my song,
 having nothing to alledge,
 If Acteon had right or wrong
 let all true Virgins judge.



A LULLABY.

Come little babe, come silly soul,
 thy fathers shame & mothers grief
 Born as I doubt to all our doles,
 and to thy self unhappy chief.
 Sing Lullaby and keep it warm,
 Poor soul it thinks no creature harm,
 Thou little thinkst, and least doth know,
 the cause of this thy mothers moan.
 Thou wantest wit to wail or woe,
 and I my self am left alone:
 Why dost thou weep, why dost thou wail
 And know'st not what doth thee ail:
 Come silly wretch, ah silly heart,
 my only joy what can I more,
 If there be any wrong thy smart,
 that may thy destiny deplore.
 'Tis I, I say, against my will,
 I wait the time, but be thou still;
 And dost thou smile, O thou sweet face;
 I would thy Dad the same might see,
 No doubt but it would purchase grace,
 I know it will for thee and me:
 But come to Mother babe and play,
 Poor Father false is fled away.
 Sweet Babe if t be thy fortune chance,
 thy father home again to send,
 If death doth strike me with his Lance,
 yet may'st thou me to him commend.
 If any ask thy Mothers name,
 Tell how by love she purchast blame;
 Then will his gentle heart soon yield,
 I know him of a Noble mind.
 Although a Lyon in the field,
 a Lamb in town thou shalt him find;
 Ask blessing Lad, be not afraid,
 His sugred Lips hath we betray'd;
 Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
 although in woe I seem to mourn,
 Thy father is no Rascal Lad,
 an able youth of blood and bone.
 His glancing look if he once smile,
 Right honest women will beguile:
 Come little boy and rock asleep,
 sing Lullaby and do not cry;
 I can do nought else but weep,
 and sit by the Lullaby;
 God blefs the babe and Lullaby,
 From this thy Fathers quality.